

U1J.O GA.oj.bou C1JLU. etu 11J.G
Melbourne. He seemed quite wild and scared. Brougham spoke very well, but his conduct is perplexing. He rather assists us than, the reverse. The course taken was kept secret, and perfectly confounded the Whigs. It is an awful crisis whatever may be the result. I cannot think of the hot weather or anything else.

Aug. 12, 1835.

Lyndhurst has been very ill, and unable to go to the Lords, where he ought not to be absent a moment, as all depends upon him. However, Saturday and Sunday's nursing brought him round. The Duke has formally resigned to him the leadership of the House of Lords, and there is every probability of his being Prime Minister; his own disinclination alone stands in the way. To-morrow the war begins in the Lords. The speeches of counsel made a great impression; the evidence was capital, the Lords united, and Lyndhurst has with his own hand drawn up their counter project. . . . But for him all would have been lost, and now everybody praises the stand the Lords have made, and the Whigs have entirely failed in getting up a crisis.

Aug. 14.

There was a sharp engagement in the House of Lords last night. Melbourne is evidently so annoyed that I cannot help fancying he will come down to-night and withdraw the Bill. . . . Brougham was terribly tipsy. He shook his fist at Lord Wicklow, and quoted Ciceronian braggadocios. . . . After all this is over, Lyndhurst will like to come down with me for a quiet week at Bradenham.¹

Aug. 20.

I have sent you the *Morning Post* every day, which is the only paper now read, and in whose columns some great unknown has suddenly risen, whose exploits form almost the sole staple of political conversation, and all conversation is now political. The back numbers for the last week cannot be obtained for love or money, and the sale has increased nearly one-third. All attempts at discovering the writer have been baffled, and the mystery adds to the keen interest which the articles excite.²

^ ! 'LordLyndhiiTst's visits this year to Bradenham and our increasing friendship' is the corresponding entry in the Mutilated **Diary**.² *Letters*, pp. 96-98.

